

POOR UMPIRE

Had Unpleasant Time.

Both Sides Accused Him of Grand Larceny.

Kirkwoods Won an Exciting Contest.

Aftermath of Ruhlman-Fitzsimmons Fight.

South Ends Were in Poor Form—Local Sporting News.

It is indeed seldom that so much excitement can be crowded into one little ball game as was the case Saturday afternoon on Buchtel field.

The Kirkwoods were lined against the Werners and the score at the end of the ninth was 13 to 11 in favor of the Kirkwoods. As the game progressed, the enthusiasm and excitement increased, and for a small crowd they rooted like a band of Comanches in full war paint.

The Werners in their brand new uniforms presented a natty appearance and they put up a stiff game. They were a little slow at the outset and at the end of the second inning Kirkwood had been around six times. After that, the Printers settled down and got into the hunt. They kept pegging away and forged ahead in the fifth. By hard work they saved one to the good until the end of the eighth. At that time the score was a tie and everybody howled. Kirkwood got a couple and won out.

The Kirkwood team was a sadly patched up affair, as the summary will show. Lake and McBurney were the only players to hold their positions throughout the game. Laub started in to pitch and did fairly well for four innings. His arm began to weaken and Price was put in to save the game. He didn't save it to any alarming extent. He pitched three innings and the Prints made six safe ones, including a triple by Schultz. Treat, an unknown quantity, dished them for the last two innings and Werners' blanked each time.

The Werners tried two pitchers, Roberts and Kentner. Both teams had on their batting togs and hits were numerous. Errors likewise were plentiful. The feature of the game was a one-handed stop by Treat.

Umpire Masterson got a full measure of roasting from the crowd, and players. Each team accused him of robbery, and several times his decisions provoked argument.

Kirkwoods scored in the first, second and third for a total of 7 runs. The Werners commenced in the third after two men had been retired. Murphy sent one to left field and although it was foul by ten yards, it was allowed to stand for a two-bagger. Dietrick and Hoy each reached first on an error and Murphy scored. Schultz and Davidson singled and Dietrick and Hoy crossed the plate.

From that time on the strength of the teams was about even. With the score a tie, the last inning began. Lake flew out to Dietrick. McBurney singled and Tuholsky hit to Tetzloff, who caught Mack at second. Howland got one just right. He rapped it for two bags and sneaked third on the throw in. In the meantime Tuholsky scored. Cassidy popped one to Dietrick. It looked easy but the second baseman dropped it and Howland came in. Price went out on an infield hit. In Werners' half, Reuscher sent a hot one to Price, who blocked it. Howland grabbed the ball and retired the batter at first. Murphy struck out and Dietrick was hit by a pitched ball. Hoy flew out to Smith.

KIRKWOOD.

A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Howland, 2b, ss 2 2 7 3 0
Cassidy, 1b, ss 2 2 7 3 3
Price, ss, p, 5b 6 0 0 3 2
Treat, 3b & p 5 1 2 0 3 1

Laub, p & rf 5 2 1 0 0 0
Smith, rf 5 0 1 0 0 1
Lake, cf 4 2 1 0 0 0
McBurney, c 5 2 3 0 0 1
Tuholsky, lf & 1b 5 2 2 0 0 1
Totals 45 13 14 26 12 7

WERNERS.

A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Murphy, cf 6 2 3 0 0 0
Dietrick, 2b 5 2 1 7 2 1
Hoy, 3b 6 1 0 4 1 2
Schultz, 1b 5 1 3 5 0 0
Davidson, rf 5 0 1 1 0 0
Tetzloff, 3b 5 1 0 2 5 3
Kentner, rf & p 4 3 3 2 1 0
Suterlin, rf, 3 0 1 0 0 1
Roberts, c 1 0 0 0 0 0
Reuscher, p 5 1 0 6 2 1
Totals 45 13 14 26 12 8

*Reuscher out on a bun!

Score by innings—

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Kirkwood 1 5 1 0 0 2 1 1 2—13
Werner 0 0 3 2 3 2 1 0 0—11

Struck out—By Laub, 4; Price 3; Treat 2; Roberts 3; Kentner 2.
Rases on balls—Off Laub 1, Price 1, Roberts 3.

Hit by pitcher—By Treat 1.

Passed balls—McBurney 1, Reuscher 1.

Two base hits—Treat, Laub, Howland, Murphy.

Three base hit—Schultz.

Umpire—Masterson.

SILER'S REVIEW.

The veteran referee, George Siler, has the following interesting review of the Fitzsimmons-Ruhlman battle:

"I'm in the pink of condition, and if Fitz bents me I'll have no excuse to offer," said Gus Ruhlman Friday. That, of course, was before he had his flint interview with Bob Fitzsimmons at Madison Square garden. He was never better or stronger in his life, because he expected to beat Bob in short order.

Statements as to his condition by himself and everyone in his camp caused thousands of fight followers throughout the United States to back him. He was reported as being even better than when he defeated Sharkey. That statement also cost the betting fraternity thousands of dollars.

Now that the fight is over and Ruhlman, with all his natural advantages and his vast improvements, has been decisively defeated, it is given out he was stale and in no shape to fight. I wonder whether that comes under the head of gulling the public? If so, who is to be held responsible? The betting fraternity placed its money on Gus on the strength of the reports which emanated from his training quarters as to his condition. Today they are informed through the press that Ruhlman was a dead one regarding condition before he climbed through the ropes. If Madden was telling the truth before the fight he ribbed dreadfully after it, or vice versa.

Of course, it could not be expected they would send out stories of his being unfit to fight, as that would militate against the box office, which in all fights of importance cuts the ice. But how about those who backed Gus? Where do they come in? What redress have they? None of course. Madden and Ruhlman received their share of the gate receipts, amounting, so Madden informed me, close on to \$12,000. Worth fabricating for, isn't it?

Appearances are deceitful, otherwise those who bet on Ruhlman would have hedged before time was called for the first round. Gus looked good, brown as a berry, his muscles standing out like whiteboards, clear of eye, and a confident smile. His forcing of Fitz around the ring in the opening round and the apparent easy manner in which he landed on Bob with both left and right was enough to convince those who backed him his condition was A1. There really did not appear to be anything to the fight in that first round, and when the gong clanged which sent them to their corners it was the opinion among those close to the ringside that Fitz would be a thing of the past before the end of the next round. In fact, a large number of sports in the boxes grabbed their coats, ready to get out of the building as quickly as possible after Bob was counted out.

"Poor old man; he's done for" could be heard from all parts of the ringside. That was after round 1. After round 2, the cry was "What a grand old man." He'll do that big fellow up in a hurry."

And such seemed to be the case. Bob ripped his left into Gus' stomach and sent him to the floor. Then the crowd arose as one man and cheered the old man to the echo. Another punch, it was thought, would end matters. Fitz landed, but Ruhlman was game, and was on hand ready for business at the end of the round. After that it was a slaughtering match, with Bob acting the role of butcher. He peppered the Akron Giant unmercifully in the third round, but could not put him away. It was fast work. So fast Bob was as tired from his own exertions as was Gus from the battering he had received.

At the end of the third round it was not who would win, but how long it would last. Bob's cleverness, generalship and ring experience attested itself after round 3. He would spar for wind, then sail in for a few moments



JAMES J. JEFFRIES.
He Has Again Announced His Willingness to Meet Robert Fitzsimmons.

slugging session. Then back away, rest up again, and repeat. While using these tactics, Gus, with his much vaunted cleverness, would shoot out left and right for the old man's head, but could not find it. And so it continued to the end, which came after two minutes and ten seconds of fighting in the sixth round with a left in the pit of the stomach and a left swing on the jaw.

FITZ IS WILLING.

When speaking of the challenge made by Jeffries to fight Fitzsimmons and Sharkey in one night, J. C. Kennedy, manager of the Twentieth Century A. C., said he thought the proposition was spectacular and impracticable that if Fitz and Sharkey broke their match to meet him there would be a scramble as to who should come first. He said he was not anxious to secure the matches, if they were made for the garden, because they would involve a large outlay of advertising, etc., and if the second fight failed to come off the club would lose a large amount of money.

Referee Charley White took Kennedy's view of the matter, and recalled the time when Jeffries was to fight Armstrong and O'Donnell on the same night and broke his hand on the former, which prevented him from meeting O'Donnell. He thought such contingencies could be offset by Jeffries'

posting a good sized forfeit, say \$50,000. When told of the statement made by Jeffries that he would like to arrange a fight with Fitz and Sharkey, Fitz said tonight: "Jeffries is the one man in the world I would like to meet and beat. I fought him when he was but a fourth-class man. Luck was his way at the time, and he whipped me. I should like very much to accommodate Jeffries with a fight, and feel confident it will be quite possible to do so before September 1st. I have posted \$2,500 to meet Tom Sharkey on the night of August 25. Next Tuesday it will be decided before what club we meet."

"I feel confident of beating Sharkey, and if I come out of the fight as clean as I did in my fight with Ruhlman I shall be pleased to meet Jeffries before September 1, in this city, allowing him to dictate terms, he to take 65 per cent, win or lose, if he is afraid to meet me on a basis of the winner to take all. I know I can beat him. He is a good man, but the victory over me at Coney Island was the result of luck. I shall again be champion of the world."

TOO MUCH TOBACCO.

Tobacco is said to have had something to do with Ruhlman's defeat Friday night. Harvey T. Woodruff, one of the best known sporting authorities of New York says:

Another point, not generally known, is that Madden man is an inveterate user of tobacco, and even in his training smoked some and chewed a great deal. He had defeated Sharkey and perhaps became somewhat inflated. At any rate, he would steal away from Madden and indulge in his favorite habit.

MADDEN IS LOYAL.

Billy Madden is still loyal to his pugilist and thinks he will yet be the champion. I saw him the night after the fight when his gloom was at its height, but he bore himself well, and reasoned thus: "Of course, we've got to begin all over again. The public says Ruhlman is again a dub. I know he can beat Jeffries, but Brady naturally would not give me a fight now and I cannot blame him. If he had been right I think he would have won from Bob, but what's the use. We'll start again, and you watch his second attempt to reach the top."

BRADY IS PLEASED.

Billy Brady says it served Ruhlman right for taking on Fitz when he had a chance to meet Jeffries. "We asked only two weeks' time and offered to let Ruhlman know whether Jeffries' arm would permit him to fight, but he turned down the offer and took on Fitzsimmons. He had a good chance with Fitzsimmons, but he would have received more money for meeting Jeffries. If Fitzsimmons clings to his fight with Sharkey Jeffries will not fight before next June."

WILL HE RECOVER?

The defeated man went to a bath house after the fight and a doctor remained within call all night so severe was the punishment which had been

meted out to the Ohioan. But there was no special danger as was telegraphed in several reports. The doctor assured me there was no permanent injuries although he said Ruhlman would not be able to fight for several weeks. Even so, the question arises, "will Ruhlman ever be as good again?" It is the history of pugilism that a boxer is seldom as good after a fierce grueling especially if the attack be made upon the body.

MORE SOUR GRAPES.

The youngster, who does not earn any salary, but for some unknown reason is allowed to draw one at the office of the Beacon-Journal, had another very bad attack of sour grapes Saturday. His guardian was out of town and he bribed the office-boy to stick a little copy on the hook. It appeared on the exchange page of the paper that evening. Friday the Democrat announced that Secretary Hershey of the Summit County Agricultural society was trying to arrange a match race in this city between Joe Patchen and Prince Alert, and it made the statement on the authority of Mr. Hershey. The B-J, missed getting the news and there was trouble at that office. Saturday, under the caption, "A Pipe Dream," the Beacon announced that the Democrat story was a fake. The following paragraph taken from the B-J, boy's labored effort is evidence enough to establish the fact that there was truth in the exclusive announcement made in the Democrat. It reads:

"It is a fact that Secretary E. A. Hershey, of the society, is trying to get Prince Alert for an exhibition mile during the races at the fair, but that is by no means assured."

The Democrat has known of the proposed exhibition in this city since the Grand Circuit meeting in Cleveland. It has been in no hurry to print the news because it was known that the B-J would not get on to it for a month at least. The outside papers had not been posted on the matter and until they were there was no danger of it getting into the exchange columns of the Tall Ender. At the time that Mr. Hershey informed the Democrat of the proposed race he said: "We will get some good horse to start with Prince Alert, probably Joe Patchen." The Democrat does not believe that Mr. Hershey is a dope smoker. Heretofore all the news he has furnished this paper has been found to be thoroughly reliable and all lovers of light harness performers will be gratified should the statement he made to the Democrat some time ago prove to be true.

MADE A RECORD.

The South Ends and Kents played on the island grounds at Kent Saturday. The South Ends had a patched up team and were in no condition to stack up against such a strong club. They went all to pieces early in the game. Before it was over they had made 15 errors. After the contest was over the runs were counted and it was found that the Kent team had won by a score of 15 to 5. Next Saturday the South Ends and Kirkwoods will play for the local championship.

DEFEATED AT BARBERTON.

The Star Drills were defeated at Barberton Saturday afternoon by the Y. M. C. A. team of that place by a score of 5 to 3. It was a close contest the game being anybody's up to the time the last man was out.

OTHER GAMES.

The Akron Standards were defeated at Barberton Saturday afternoon by the team of that city. Score 18 to 6.

The Magic City team defeated the Pilgrims at Lakeside park Saturday afternoon by a score of 18 to 6.

YOUNG PLAYERS.

The Young Grays defeated the Young West Hills Saturday morning on the West Hill grounds by a score of 15 to 3. The Young Grays would like a game with any team in Akron under 13 years, for Saturday morning on the West Hill grounds. Answer through this paper.

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. Brown (at Mrs. Smith's tea)—Oh, dear, that dreadful Miss Smith is singing again. I wonder what started her?

Tom Brown (aged 7)—I dropped a penny down her back when she wasn't looking.—Chicago News.

Suburban Ure and Doves.

"Our lawn mower burned with the barn."

"That was too bad."

"I think so. The neighbor who lent it to us says we have got to pay for it."—Chicago Record.

LONGING.

In city walls where duty bids me stay
I long for woodland paths, sweet breath of pine,
To see again the distant, dazzling line
Of slender, sandy shore. I know today
How fair must lie the sea far, far away
On whose broad breast the sun wrought sapphires
And clear bird notes are tingling through and through
The peaceful heart of silence. Ah, I long
For friendly faces that brush against the blue
And each still night to watch the warrior Mars
Review the vast procession of stars!
—Herbert Dashford in East and West.

A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.

How a Couple Obtained Consent to Their Marriage.

"What on earth are we to do?" cried pretty Lydia Darrell almost tearfully. "I won't marry old Fiebel-Jones—not if all the aunts in the world told me to."

"Marry me and defy the old cat!"

"Yes; that's just what I should like to do, but one must consider things."

"You mean money?"

"Yes; I mean money. You see, if Aunt Judith had any rational ground for objecting to our marriage, if she said you drank or were already married—of course I know you are not—but I am supposing a case!"

"Don't you think you might suppose something a little less uncomplimentary?"

"No; certainly not. What does it matter in supposing? Well, then it would be different, and I should feel that, however wrong she might be, she really meant well. But when she can only say that you are one of the most arrogant opponents of all the noblest and purest aspirations of our sex—which means that she suspects you of laughing at her bloomers—why, then, I know that it is not me that she is thinking of but herself all the time. And she wants me to marry Fiebel-Jones because he flatters her to the top of her bent and calls her a pioneer and all that sort of nonsense."

"Do you think that punching his head would do any good?"

"No; I'm quite sure it wouldn't, or I should have told you to do it long ago. But, for all that, Aunt Judy can do what she likes with all my money until I come of age, and if I marry without her consent before I am 21 all my property goes into trust, with her as trustee, and she can allow me as much or as little as she likes. If Aunt Judith were an ordinary aunt, one might expect that she would come round when she found out what a dear you really are. But I know she would be only too delighted to get the money for her movements and societies, and I should never get a penny. So we must wait till I am 21."

"If I could only get round her in some way. If this was in a novel, there would be dozens of ways. I should drop on her in a railway accident and soothe her last moments with my brandy flask."

"You forget that she is a teetotaler."

"If you had met as many teetotalers as I have, you wouldn't be. I know one who simply wrote down a trifle that is stiff with brandy and vermouth, though he wouldn't touch either honestly out of a glass, or I might be in the way when her horses bolted."

"Oh, she doesn't keep any?"

"She would in a novel. And I should stop them at the risk of my life, and she would fall on my neck and call me her preserver."

"I should like to see that!" cried Lydia, with a delicious trill of laughter.

"Lyddy, you have no imagination," said Bob Falk, with dignity. "I am sure the scene would be most dramatic, especially if Lady Judy happened to be in bloomers. And her remorse would be so great that she would give me her consent written on a visiting card, or perhaps my shirt cuff, to prevent mistakes."

"How can you talk such nonsense! But you have given me an idea. Couldn't you save her when she is out bicycling?"

"What from? And how am I to find her at the right moment?"

"Well, really I should have thought that a man could have arranged all that in a minute."

"Seems as if the surest plan would be to arrange the accident. One might bribe a tramp to attack her and allow himself to be driven off by one, and then he would probably blackmail me for the rest of my life. Or one might get a generous friend to do the tramp part in disguise, only I can't at the present moment think of any man who would be such a jay. Besides, your Aunt Judy is just the kind of energetic female who would insist on seeing the villain safe in jail after the rescue. Then I should have to give myself up to save him. The plan is not so brilliant as it seemed at first."

"No; it isn't; very far from it. But listen to me. On Monday Aunt Judy starts on a bicycle ride to Scotland alone. She wishes to show that one woman in bloomers can go through the length of England without coming to grief. Now, my idea is that you should accompany her."

"I must. Do you think she will catch on to the elopement?"

"Oh, she is not to know. I will find out the route she goes by, and you will follow at a distance and keep her in sight. Then if she gets into any difficulties—and I feel sure she will—you can rush to the rescue and earn her eternal gratitude."

"Supposing she sees me early in the faint and smokes the trick?"

"You must take care she doesn't. If you keep behind her all the time, she won't be able to see you."

Bob Falk was very much in love with pretty Lydia Darrell, and he would have attempted anything that bore the smallest promise of advancing the date of their marriage.

Besides, at that moment the young woman of the library, who, knowing them by sight and divining a love affair, had humbly left them alone in the back room for a few minutes, returned with an apologetic and at the same time decided expression.

For one of the results of Lady Judith's harsh policy in ordering that "not at home" was to be said to Mr. Falk and in exercising a strict censor-

ship over the letters received by her niece was that Lydia had hit upon the idea of the library as a meeting place, and Bob put messages in the agony column when he wished to communicate with her. Lydia of course could write to him.

"In consequence of information received," as the police say, Bob Falk started in pursuit of Lady Judith partially disguised in a suit of very old clothes and a peculiarly villainous cheap hat.

By the time the quarry had passed the one hundredth milestone from London Bob was unable to resist an involuntary feeling of admiration for her pluck. She rode hills which most of her sex would have walked. She took no heed of the chaff which from time to time floated round the unaccustomed spectacle of her bloomers. She kept up a steady pace and stuck to her arranged route with an accuracy that materially helped the pursuer.

At the close of the third day, during which she had beaten her previous record, Lady Judith stopped at a wayside hostelry. Hitherto Bob had avoided the hotels which she favored with her patronage, but now there was no help for it. He must either put up in the same building or ride on five miles to the next town.

He thought that if he avoided the front of the house and effaced himself among the people in the bar parlor she would never notice him. After all, if she did she was scarcely likely to suppose that he was there on her account. He loitered about for some little while in order to give her time to settle down in her place and then walked in to the bar. The next minute he emerged again with singular alacrity.

"What the devil am I to do? I suppose they won't have her in the best rooms in that get up, and she's too tired to go on. If I interfere, it is to 10 to 1 that I do no good and 40 to 1 that she only hates me all the more for seeing her. It seems brutal to do nothing or at least not to try, but no woman could forgive a man who had seen her in such a plight. By Jove, if there were only some evidence! All's fair in love, especially in a case like this."

He prowled disconsolately to the back of the building, cursing his luck and wondering what he should do. There he hit upon an individual who evidently combined cycling with photography.

A brilliant idea sprang up in his brain. He engaged the amateur photographer in conversation and explained his desire. The kodak changed hands, and so did a gleaming yellow coin. There was some shuffling of new films. Then Bob Falk took hastily snapshots of the back and front of the building in order to divert suspicion from his real purpose. After that he conveyed the kodak to the bar.

Some little time after her return from Scotland Lady Judith received a very singular letter. It ran:

Dear Lady Judith—I have a dozen of the enclosed. What should you recommend me to do with them? Yours truly,
ROBERT FALK.

The inclosure was a photograph. She removed the silver paper hastily and saw. Well, you see, when the landlady of that hotel positively refused to admit her to any of the rooms used by ladies on the ground that her costume would do harm to the establishment she had consented to take her meal in the barroom and put up with an attic rather than proceed farther in her ex-humiliated state. She had regretted this weakness ever since. She only hoped that no knowledge of the insult which she had allowed to be heaped upon the cause would come to the ears of her strong minded sisters.

Now she saw before her eyes a visible presentment of the scene—herself in her seminally garments seated at a small table to the right discussing provisions, to the left a knot of common men and the apparatus of the bar. It was bad enough to be expelled from her proper place. But Bob Falk took her words thought that by her presence in the bar she had given tacit encouragement to the curse of drink.

Bob Falk married Lydia Darrell with her aunt's consent, and no one could ever make out why Lady Judith changed her mind so suddenly, least of all Professor Fiebel-Jones, who thought himself aggrieved.

Aunt and niece did not see much of each other after matrimony.—Madame.

Paid as He Went.

Patient—Then you think it's all up with me, doctor?

Doctor—I'm afraid so.

"Well, we must all die once, and I may as well go now as afterward. You're sure I'm going?"

"Yes."

"Then let me have your bill."

"My bill? My dear sir, this is very unusual. You should give your thoughts to most serious matters."

"My motto has always been 'pay as you go,' and now that I am going I want to pay."

So he paid and went.

WILLIAMS' PILLS FOR WOMAN.

A SURE RELIEF TO WOMAN for all troubles peculiar to her sex. Send for trial or from our Agent, \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., PROP., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

WILLIAMS' ARNICA AND WITCH HAZEL SALVE.

SURE CURE for CATARRH of the BLADDER, UTERUS, VAGINA, etc. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 50c. Circular sent on request.

Pennyroyal Pills.

Original and Genuine. Beware of cheap imitations. Pennyroyal Pills are a safe, reliable, and sure cure for all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, Vagina, etc. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for 50c. Circular sent on request.



ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

Conqueror of Gus Ruhlman, Who is Now Matched to Meet Sailor Tom Sharkey.—Most Conspicuous Figure in Prize Ring Today.